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Fairyland of Today

PALOS VERDES ESTATES

MADAME GALLI-CURCI ON HER PALOS VERDES ESTATE PLANNING HER LANDSCAPE DEVELOPMENT

Malaga Cove Plaza in foreground; West Coast Beach Cities in center;
Los Angeles and Sierra Madre Mountains in distance.

Fairyland of Today

By E. W. M.

(Article Reprinted from *East-West* Magazine)

THE "City Beautiful" has long been a dream of humanity. We have tried to vision it in imagination, in vain. Always, we remembered our crowded, commercial cities, with only touches of beauty and harmony, here and there.

But at last *the dream has come true,* every detail perfectly created in marble and brick and cement and stone, in boulevards and gardens and parks, in flowers and shrubs and trees.

The sea, shimmering in the sun and wave-stirred under the stars. Mountains like sentinels keeping watch with God.

As if a magic line were drawn at a certain, definite point—North, South, East and West —the atmosphere seems to change. Flowers are robed in brighter colors,—the red rose, redder still,—the white rose, fairer than ever, —blue blossoms rioting in azure,—green leaves like emeralds polished in dew.

At first, it does not seem like a City at all, but a limitless Garden of Beauty and Peace. Then, one sees scattered roofs of hidden-away houses, never one roof standing out glaringly from the others, but all blended in harmony like musical notes of the scale.

One wishes to stop and rest, not only physically and mentally, but in spirit. Fairyland, once but a dream of lost childhood, spreads before startled eyes in unimaginable glory.

Such is Palos Verdes.

This is not an advertisement, but a dreamer's grateful tribute to realized Beauty in a world gone mad with noise and skyscrapers and hustle and bustle, ambition and strain.

No wonder our own Galli-Curci chose this spot out of all the world for her home. The Italian Fountain in the great Public Square must have made her eyes dim with memories.

When I walked over her lots, a wild bird was singing its heart out there. Some day, the great singer whom all the world loves will here let her voice go forth in the divine harmony of her genius. But I like to think that there will be times when the famous singer will be silent and listen to a bird, understanding each trill of the little throat, and the musical message of the small, glad heart.

Impossible to describe the loveliness of this blessed place. Impossible to find words in all the gathered-together languages of the world, to make a silent or sound picture of these thousands of acres made into plots and parks for the benefit of lovers of home. Something within me whispered that word—"home"—almost as soon as my feet trod the ground and my eyes began to take in the living loveliness of it all.

Dreamers founded this "City Beautiful" of mine; only those with spiritual vision and divine understanding could create as they have done. And only Idealists could have made it possible, as has been done here, for those rich in love of beauty, but not otherwise, to purchase peace and beauty and almost unbelievable privileges of education and play and quietness.

Only think of being born at Palos Verdes, of going to such a School as I saw there, classically lovely in every outline, with everything that can be given for the mental growth of a child.

Think of living there throughout a whole lifetime, taking only short trips to the world, every now and then, if a woman or a child, and having such a refuge after business hours, if a man. Imagine the result, physically, mentally and spiritually.

I believe that in such surroundings and influences, a new race will be born, a race of super-men and super-women, stripped of the fevers of ordinary living; men and women with strong bodies, brilliant minds and developed souls, hastening the evolution of humanity to its most sacred goal, Cosmic Consciousness or oneness with God.

Palos Verdes Estates is a residential community . . .

Where BEAUTY AND OPEN SPACES with means for preserving them, are the outstanding features,

Where ONLY ONE-HALF of the area is used for building sites, the remainder being devoted to public use,—Parks, Boulevards, Recreational Centers, Schools, etc.,

Where Nature has furnished hills, canyons, mountain views, ocean, rocky promontories, gorgeous sunsets, the best of soil, water and INCOMPARABLE CLIMATE,

Where THE BEST LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS AND CITY PLANNERS OF THE WORLD have taken these gifts of Nature and added to them a scheme for community building that embodies man's most modern thought,

Where all improvements are planned and built FOR THE ULTIMATE POPULATION, so that nothing ever need be torn up and changed, with the consequent expense and inconvenience,

Where Restrictions and Zoning are SELF-PERPETUATING, and the effectiveness of Architectural Control is insured by an ENDOWED ART JURY,

Where YOUR HOME IS YOUR PLAYGROUND, with golf on a private 18-hole course, tennis, boating, swimming, hiking, horseback riding, at your door,

Where WITH ALL THIS, the PRICE RANGE IS MUCH LOWER than in other developments having only a fraction of the above advantages.

Where therefore, NOTHING IS LEFT TO BE DESIRED.

THIS IS PALOS VERDES ESTATES.

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